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remains of frescos, to be found in Ireland at present, are those in the choir of Cormac's Chapel, at Cashel: they are merely ornamental in their design, but exhibit still a great richness in their colours. Such examples, however, it is probable, were always rare; the chief purpose for which the skill of the painter was required being the illumination of religious books. Giraldus Cambrensis speaks in terms of astonishment and admiration of the copy of the four Gospels, which he saw at Kildare, and which, in the fashion of those days, was supposed to have been dictated by an angel to a scribe, in the presence of St. Bridgid, and for her use. After dilating on the variety in the designs, the delicacy of the execution, and the richness of the colouring, in the embellishments of this book, he adds, that they appeared rather to be the work of an angel, than of a man; ("ut vere hæc omnia angelicâ potius quam humanâ diligentia jam asseveraveris esse composita.") Hæc equidem quanto frequentius et diligentius intueor, semper quasi novis obstupescere, semperque magis ac magis admiranda conspicio; nec Apelles ipse similia efficere possit, et manu potius non mortali efformatæ, ac depictæ videntur.") St. Bridgid's book is unfortunately no longer to be found; but we have some works of nearly the same age, from which we may learn the character of art which had been deemed worthy of such enthusiastic approbation. In the copy of the four gospels, written by St. Columbkille,* still preserved in the College library, there are two or three pictures, which have an elaborate minuteness, and a certain Byzantine richness, that might well excite the wonder and admiration of a rude age.

We have thus traced with a rapid, but not careless hand, the first dawnings of the Fine Arts in Ireland. The subject is an interesting one, and capable of much curious illustration, but which the nature of our Journal prohibits our indulging in. Their subsequent progress, from the 8th to the 12th century, may be noticed in a few words. Whatever change they underwent was for the worse. The country, overrun by the Danes, a barbarous and unlettered race, became an arena of rapine and of blood; and while the people were so long engaged in perpetual warfare, that they acquired the ferocity and lawless habits of their invaders, they necessarily ceased to practice, if they did not wholly forget, whatever they had previously learned of the arts of peace.

Thus far we have treated of the condition of the Fine Arts in the remoter periods of antiquity, and vindicated, we trust successfully, the early character of our country, from the aspersions which have been so causelessly and ignorantly cast upon it. The remaining portion of our task, to which we shall return with pleasure and alacrity, will, doubtless, prove more deeply interesting to the general reader, as it will no longer be exclusively conversant about antiquarian remains, among which, however we ourselves may delight to linger, we are well aware we cannot be so sure of carrying our reader's sympathies along with us, unless indeed in the investigation of an important national question, his patriotism may happily lend strength to his patience.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Third Series of Tales of the Munster Festivals.—The Rivals.—Tracy's Ambition. By the author of the Collegians. 3 vols. 8vo. London, Saunders and Otley, 1830.

WE have just received, in sheets, a copy of these two rather unhappily named tales, and hasten to present our readers with some account of a Work, which if, as we trust, it meets its deserts, will soon be in every body's hands. Since the publication of the first series of Tales of the Munster Festivals, containing the Half Sir and Suil Dhuv, the Coiner, we have considered Mr. Griffin, the author, as by far the most capable writer who has undertaken to delineate the character of the Southern Irish in the present day. Mr. Griffin evidently describes from a thorough, intimate, and personal acquaintance with the people and the scenes which he portrays, and it is not too much to say, that his stories evince true genius, and that of no subordinate character, in their admirably faithful exposition of the manners, the habits, the peculiar modes of thought and expression, the lively impulses, the vices and the crimes, of our wayward, yet very intelligent, fellow countrymen.

The Collegians, which formed the second series of these tales, fully sustained the author's previous high reputation. In his earlier efforts, Mr. Griffin betrayed deplorable want of skill in the art of managing his story. His narratives were confused and obscure, and his descriptions of natural scenery, which are always excellent in themselves, were often brought in by him in the most unartificial way, besides that he had an unhappy knack of breaking the thread of the story, and destroying all possibility of illusion, by speaking in his own personal character as author; a species of parabasis which, whatever good purpose it may have answered in the ancient Greek comedy, is, in modern novel writing, exceedingly clumsy and disagreeable. These faults our author has gradually and greatly amended, though we cannot, even yet, compliment him upon having attained the requisite degree of acquaintance with the art of concocting, arranging, and developing a complete and highly wrought story. From the glaring defects, in this respect, of most contemporary Irish writers of fiction, he is, however, in a great measure, free, and since Miss Edgeworth seems resolved to favour us no more with national tales, we hesitate not to assign the Irish championship of the pen to Mr. Griffin, at least till some more sturdy competitor, than he has yet had to encounter, shall arise.

Of the two tales which constitute the present volumes, the scene of the first is laid in our well known and romantic county of Wicklow; and our author tells us, that he gathered the groundwork of the story, from the relation of a guide who escorted him through the vale of Glendalough, or to use the designation by which it is more generally known to strangers, the valley of the Seven Churches. It is, no doubt, the privilege of genius to draw materials for its exercise from sources which to others would afford occasions only of weariness or annoyance, as the bee is said to sip honey from the most unsightly weed; but for our own parts, the recollections with which the garrulous and mercenary loquacity of county Wicklow guides are associated in our minds, have, until now, been any thing but

pleasing. Nor do we think that Mr. Griffin himself, has been particularly happy in the selection of his story. Growing as it does out of the peculiar political relations of our people, there is a great deal too much, as we conceive, relating to magisterial duties and title-proctors, and process-servers and policemen, as well as of a querulous tone respecting the existing state of affairs in the Irish nation, which does not please our fancy in a work of fiction; and the numerous dialogues and remarks upon the efforts employed of late years for the conversion of Roman Catholics to the Protestant faith, and the air of ridicule that is thrown over them, appear to us in a very questionable taste, coming, as they do, from the pen of a Roman Catholic novelist. We may add, that the most prominent incident upon which the action of the story turns, seems to us in a high degree unnatural, we had almost said revolting. Still the master-hand of genius is clearly discernible throughout, and more, far more, than redeems the defects which we have censured. Mr. Griffin does not venture on a full length portraiture of female character in any of his works; and in this, perhaps, he shews his judgment, for we think him much more happy in the delineation of wit and humour, and shrewdness, in short of the whole character of the Munster peasant, than in that of the more delicate, and to the unpractised eye, almost imperceptible traits, which distinguish the characters of persons of a higher grade, and still more, those of our fair countrywomen.

In his "parables" or stories introduced in the mouth of some native original, our author stands unrivalled; and as we do not intend to forestall the reader's pleasure in the perusal of the work itself, by any analysis or meagre outline of the plot, we shall present him rather with the following episode, which is perfectly independent of the story. It is only necessary to premise, that the legend is told in answer to a query as to the origin of the couple familiar to Irish ears,

Happy is the bride that the sun shines on,
Happy is the corpse that the rain rains upon.

and that we have joined together the parts, which, in the story, are severed by a very portentous and important interruption.—

'Why then I will sir, tell you that:' said David, crossing his feet at full length, and lowering his head upon his breast. 'A couple, sir, that was there of a time, an' they had'n't only the one son, an' plenty of every thing about 'em. Well, himself was a very good man, he never sent a beggar away empty-handed from his house, he gave clothes to the naked, and food to the hungry, an' dhrink to the dhry, an' every whole ha'p'orth, all to one thing alone, an' that was, that he never allowed any poor person to sleep a night inside his doore, be they ever so tired, because his wife was a terrible woman, an' he was in dhread of her tongue. As for her, the only thing she ever gave to any one in her life was an ould tatter'd skreed of a flannel petticoat she gave to one poor woman, an' the sheep's trotters that she used to have thrown out in the doore to 'em when they'd be crowdin' about it after dinner.

'Well, it so happened, as things will happen, that the man died; an' if he did, the day he was buried, the rain k^o powerin' down equal to a flood, until they had him laid in the grave. An' it is'n't long after until the woman

* We were much amused to observe, some time ago, in a number of the Edinburgh Review, that the critic in reviewing a Work on the History of Ireland, to which he gives a much higher character than it deserves, makes merry over the "odd slip" of the writer, because he speaks of Columbkille as a man, instead of a place.

died likewise, an' a finer day never came out o' the sky than what she had goin' to the church-yard. Well, the son was thinkin' greatly, day an' night, about this, for he thought better o' the father, a deal, than the mother, an' he wondered to say she should have all the sunshine intirely, an' he to be drowned wet, an' his people after him, berrin'. Be this, an' be that, says the boy, says he, stirkin' the jamb o' the doore this way with the flat of his hand, I never'll stop nor stay, says he, 'till I find out the raison o' that, or why it should be at all, says he. An' out he marched the doore.

'He walked a sighth that day, an' it was just about the dusk of the evenin' when he found himself in the middle of a lonesome wood, an' the sun goin' down, an' not havin' a place to turn to where he'd get shelter for the night. He went in farther an' deeper into the wood, but the farther he went the more lonesome it grew, an' a quare sort of appearance was in the air, an' on the threes, an' bushes, an' the sky, an' all about him. By an' by, there was no birds singin', nor a breath o' wind stirrin' nor a lafe movin' on the boughs, nor one thing showin' a sign of life, an' still it being the finest counthry ever you seen, only quare an' silent that way. He walked on farther an' farther, an' at last he seen a place among the threes that he thought was a church, only it had a little curl o' smoke comin' up through the boughs as if somebody was livin' there.

'He made towards the house, an' walked in the doore. Well, it was the finest place he ever seen in his life. There was a table laid out, an' a fine fire in the grate, an' all sorts o' cookery goin' on, an' a hale-looking old man sittin' near the table, preparin' his dinner, an' lookin' very pleasant and happy. Well, this boy, he up and told him what he wanted a night's lodgin', an' the old man made him come in, an' sit down and tell his story, what it was he was goin' lookin' for, an' after he heard it all: "Well, do you know who is it you have there now?" says the old man. "I don't," says the boy, "how should I know you when I never seen you before?" "You did see me many's the time," says the old man, "an' why wouldn't you? I'm your father," says he.—"O murder!" says the boy, "see this!"

'Well (not to make a long story of it,) they sat down, an' ate their dinner. They past the evenin' talkin', an' when it was bed-time, the father got up an' walked out, biddin' the boy not to mind him, an' left him alone be the fire. The night past away, an' he did not return, an' at last the boy got so sleepy, he said he'd thry about the place for a bed to sleep on. He made towards a doer, an' opened it, an' if he did, what did he see within, only a fine feather bed an' curtains, an' a terrible big dog sittin' down upon the floore, an' lookin' him straight in the face. Hardly he offered to go a foot into the room, when the dog flew at him, an' was ready, I declare to you, Masther Francis, to tear him upon the spot. Well an' good, if he did, well became the boy, he moved backwards, an' left the place to the dog, an' took his seat again be the fire, as it might be this way, an' step away till mornin'.

'When the old man came in, in the mornin', "Oh, then, father," says the boy, "wasn't it a dhroll thing o' you," says he, "to lay me in this way all night alone, without a bed to rest upon, or a ha'p'orth, an' I so tired." "Ah, my child," says the old man, "I could not

give you what I hadnt myself." "Why so," says the boy, "I thought you were in glory, father, an'nt you happy?" "I am happy, my child," says the old man, "in all but one thing, as you may see. I can never stretch my limbs upon a bed, nor sleep under a roof, for ever, during duration, an' the raison is, because I never once gave a night's lodgin' to a poor man in my days on earth, an' all on account of your mother," says he. "Oh, father, father," says the boy, "an' is'nt that a poor case with you?" "It is," says the old man.

"An' I tell you now," says he, "what's the raison o' the different weather we had the time we were buried, the both of us. Your mother had a fine sunshiny day, for there was an awful judgment waiting for her, an' that was all the pleasure she was ever more to have, the light of the bright sun shinin' down upon her coffin until they put her in the earth. An' I, for my sins, had it rainin' heavy all that day, for that was all the ill usage I was ever to receive, besides the want of a bed." "An' is my mother here, father?" says the boy, "Put on your hat," says the father, "an' follow me."

'He did; he went after him into a sort of a back yard, an' there he saw his mother, sittin' down on the bare stones, an' gnawin' sheep's trotters, with nothin' on her, to shelter her old bones from the cold, but a little skreed o' flannel, the image o' the one she gave the poor woman. "There's her fate for ever," says the old man, "an' the fate of all that has no charity on earth. But don't cry, my child, until you have more raison; come along, an' profit by what you see."

'They walked on a piece, an' it wasn't long until they came to a gate, where the old man knocked a while before it was opened. They past in, an' there the boy seen a great field, with a fog restin' low upon the ground, an' the place all still an' quiet, except that, now an' then, they could hear the cry of young children comin' through the fog. They went on, an' came to a well that was in the middle o' the field, an' there they saw, through the fog, a great multitude o' children pressing about the well, an' drinkin', an' sprinklin' themselves with the wather, out o' little mugs they carried in their hands.*

"Those" says the old man, "are the souls of the children that died without baptism," says he, "an' here they spend their time, without sufferin' pain or havin' any pleasure."

'They passed on through the field, an' came into another, where they saw a sighth of fine ladies an' gentlemen, walkin' arm in arm, under the shade of trees, an' the sun shinin', an' the place adorned with flowers an' shrubs of all sorts, an' streams, an' every whole ha'p'orth, in grand houses in groves, an' music, an' laughin', an' dancin', an' the best of atin' an' dhrinkin'. "Who are these, father," says the boy, "that seems to agree so well, an' live so happy?" "They are the married people," says the father, "that lived up to their duty in the world, that was constant an' thre to one another in their troubles, that never changed their mind, nor looked after other people, nor misbehaved in any one way." "O vo!" says the boy.

'Well an' good, they passed through that place, an' they came to another, an' as they

* Probably from some superstition, having the same origin as this portion of the curious, and in many instances beautiful, legend above given, the peasantry usually place a small vessel in the coffin with the body of an infant.

were comin' near it, they heard the greatest wrangling an' racketin' in the world, callin' of names, an' poll-talkin', an' cursin' and swearin'. In they come, into a great field, an' there they seen a power o' people, men an' women, hagin' at one another, an' pullin' caps, an' quarrellin' most disgraceful." "Alilu!" says the boy, "father, who in the world are these?" "They are the married people," says the father, "that couldnt agree upon earth, an' as they were so fond of bein in hot wather in the world, they'll have plenty of it here for ever more."

'Well became 'em, they hurried through that field, an' came to another gate, an' passin' in, they found themselves in a fine shrubbery with herbs, an' furze, and underwood of all sorts in great exuberance. There was a tall rock in the middle o' the place, and on the very top of it was a goat with goolden horns, and a long beard, and the hair sweeping down to his hoofs, an' he browsing for himself on the sweetest of herbage. "What goat is that, father?" says the boy. "Ask himself, child, if you wish to know." So the boy med up to the goat, an' axed him. "If I might make so bould," says he, "who are you that has them fine goolden horns upon your head?" "Femoor-na-mown," says the goat. "Is it the common robber an' highwayman, that I seen prepared for death, myself, in our village," says the boy, "an' that the priest had so poor an opinion of?" "The very same," says the goat, "I'm here for ever with plenty of provisions, and a house to sleep in," says he. "I never turned a poor man out of my house, while I was in the world, and the Almighty wouldn't turn me out of his house after I left it."

'Well, the next field they came to, there wasn't so much as a daisy or a blade o' grass upon the ground, and the place looking very lonesome, an' a fat elderly man tied in chains in the middle of it, cryin' an' bawlin', an' dressed in the dirtiest rags, except the cravat that was about his neck, an' that was as white as the snow. "That's a methodist preacher, that's tied there," says the father, "an' that's all the clothin' he'll ever get for all eternity." "An' tell me father," says the son, "what is it makes the cravat so clean an' nice, an' the rest of his clothes not fit to be seen?" "Of a day," says the old man, "when he was out preachin'," his servant maid put that cravat upon her, as a handkitcher, goin' to mass, an' it got a sprinklin' o' the holy wather in the chapel, an' that's the only clane tack he has on him," says he, "for all eternity."

'Well an' good, they passed out o' that field, an' they came, all at once, into a lonesome wood, with a lake as black as a cloud in the middle, an' threes as high as castles hangin' over it, an' not a sound in the place, except a poor man that was wanderin' to an' fro on the borders o' the lake, an' cryin', as if all belongin' to him were stretched. "Oh, the day!" says he, "that I sold my child! Oh, brother, give him back to me again! Oh, who will spread my bed, or sing to me, or keep me company, in this lonesome wood, for ever?"

"Do you see that man?" says the father, "I do to be sure," says the boy, "what is it, ails him, his cries would move the Dames?" "That's Peter Duhig," says the father, "that lived a-near you formerly. He had a brother that was very rich, an' dhrove in his gig, while Pether hadnt so much as would buy kitchen

for the platies with his wife an' children. One evening, after his eldest boy's death, his brother's servant was going for wather, an' he heard some one singin' most beautiful in the wood. He looked in among the trees, an' there he saw Pether's child, that was buried the week before, rovin' about, singin' an' pullin' rushes. "Erra, is that you, Johnny?" says the servant boy, "To be sure it is," says he, "What are you doin', Johnny?" "Pullin' a bed for my father, the way he'll have it to lie upon in heaven, when he dies," says the child. So the servant went home, an' told it to his master. "O; then, what luck I had," says the master, "that didn't marry, like my poor brother, an' have childer to spread a bed for me in heaven." Well, he went himself to learn was it fact, an' when he did, he med off at once to the brother's cottage, an' offered him a farm, an' money, if he'd only sell him the child, an' never left him pace or quietness, until he took the offer. Well, the next time the servant went out, in place o' hearin' him singin', 'tis cryin' he heard the child. "E' what ails you, Johnny?" says he. "Its little admiration I should cry," says Johnny, "an' my father to sell me to my uncle, so that I can't do anything now for him, but the bed that was laid for him must be given to my uncle." An' sure 'twas thue for him, for when the father came to hear of it, he got a stitch an' died, and there's the way with him now."

"An' now, my good boy," says the father, "it is better for you to go no farther, for you'll see sights, an' hear sounds, beyond this place, that would make you a mournful man for ever. Return now to your house, do all the good you can while you live on earth, give alms to the poor, never turn away a beggar from your doore, never gridge a night's lodgin' to a weary traveller, be regular at mass every Sunday, and at your duty o' Christmas an' Easter, beware of dances and tents at the pattersns, an' jig-houses, an' benefits, say your prayers morning an' evenin', an' hearken to your parish priest; do your duty by your family an' those dependin' on you, take care how you lay out the mains the Almighty gave you, an' my hand to you, the finest bed o' down that was ever spread in a king's palace upon the earth is a flinty rock in comparison of the bed that'll be spread for you by the angels in heaven."

"He said the word, an' led the boy back by another way to the gate of the house where he entered first. He opened a door in a high wall there, and what was the surprise o' the boy to find himself in his own garden, with the birds singin', an' the sheep bleatin', in the paddock. He went into his house, sayin' nothin' to anybody, an' he led such a life after, that the priest himself was'n't a patch upon him for piety."

So much for an Irish version of the Inferno.

Of the numerous conversations respecting the progress of the Reformation among the Roman Catholic peasantry, the characteristic dialogue which follows, is, we think, decidedly the best:—

"About a fortnight after this event, Francis was returning late in the evening through the village of Roundwood, when a sudden and heavy descent of rain compelled him to take shelter at an inn on the right hand. There had been a fair in the neighbourhood, and the house was full of guests. The light, from the windows and the open door, streamed across the street, making the rain drops sparkle as

they fell into its beams. The sound of mirth was loud within the house, and the uproar was but slightly diminished when Francis made his appearance. Wrapped in a white great coat, and with his hat drawn low upon his brow, he passed unrecognized among the crowd, and gained a distant corner, shadowed by the projecting porch of the fire-place, whence he might contemplate all the company, without incurring the observation of any.

"The landlord was busy in his shop. A large fire sent light and heat through the room, and shone on many a merry countenance. On one side of the fire-place were [was] a number of young men and girls, laughing loudly, while on the other sat a number of middle-aged men, who were carrying on a graver conversation, in which, nevertheless, many appeared highly interested. The usual centre of attraction, in such scenes, a table and vessels for drink, was not forgotten here, though many preferred to sit apart, each with his own brown fount of inspiration, and worship Bacchus in Montmellic Ale.

"No Saint Patrick!" exclaimed one old man in a tone of surprise, while he gently moved the liquor in his pewter drinking vessel, 'that's a droll thing.'

"Why then it is," said another, 'an' I heard it, for all. I heard Mr. Damer, over, prove it out of a book, that there wasn't such a man at all there, nor no talk of him, at the time.'

"What's that you're sayin', Phil?" asked a hoarse voice from the corner.

"That Saint Patrick was never there at all, he's sayin'," replied the old man, turning round with a smile, as if in hope of finding some successful counter-argument.

"Saint Patrick, eroo?"

"Iss, then."

"Erra, howl."

"Faix, I'm in airnest."

"An' what's more, I believed him too," continued the retailer of the paradox, "until I was talkin' of it, afther, to Misher Lenigan, the Latin teacher, an' he made light of it in a minute, for sure, says he, if there was no Saint Patrick, what did they build the ould ruins for? an' if they were built by any body, mightn't it as well be Saint Patrick as any body else? Eh, now, Jerry?"

"It stands to raison, what you say."

"Erra, I wouldn't mind a word one o' them convarthers would be sayin' to me," said a young man who had got his arm round his sweetheart's waist, "they have arguments that would bother the Danes, an' you'd think the world couldn't gainsay what they'd tell you, an' when you'd be listenin' to the Priest, afther, before two minutes, he wouldn't lave 'em worth a button. I'd rather be talkin' to Mary here, be'r two selves, a-near the fire-side, than to hear all the convarthers in Europe."

"Ayeh," said Mary, tossing her head incredulously.

"'Tis thue, I tell you."

"Ayeh, talkin' is aisy, Jim."

"M' asthora you wor—"

Your eyes, 'tis true, are a sweet sky blue,

Your cheeks the hue of the crimson rose;

Your hair, behold, does shine like gold,

In flowing rolls, it so nicely grows.

Your skin is white as the snow by night,

Straight and upright is your portly frame;

The chaste Diana, an' the fair Susanna,

Are eclipsed in grandeur by my lovely dame.

"Well, it's all one," said an old flax-dresser, in a corner, "these converts—"

"Perverts, you should call 'em," interrupted

a new voice, which was no other than that of Lenigan, "'tisn't converted they are, but perverted, the heavens look down upon 'em.'

"Perverts, then, if it be perverts. I say there isn't one o' them but what comes round again in the latter end. When the world is slippin' away from under us, heaven save us, it is then the truth will break out for all."

"It's true for you," observed a smith, taking a pipe from his mouth, and knocking off the ashes with the tip of his little finger, "there's that Tobin, that turned to plase Lacy, the magistrate, he's for turnin' again now, to plase himself. He came to me a couple o' days ago, down to the forge, to get a nail dbruv in a loose shoe, an' I never heard but how he talked o' Lacy. Some argument they had about money, that Tobin said was owin' to him, an' Lacy wouldn't pay it."

"Shasthone!" said the first speaker, it's a good sign for the country to have 'em breakin'!"

"Indeed," ejaculated the smith, "that same Misher Lacy will be in a place yet where the tip of his finger will light his pipe for him, if he doesn't change his behaviour."

The descriptions of scenery are, for the most part, exceedingly good, and afford additional pleasure from the circumstance of their relating to places with which we are all so intimately acquainted.

Tracy's ambition is perhaps a better organised story than the other, but on the whole, is one of less absorbing interest. More than one of the principal incidents in it, we recognize as embellished versions of circumstances, which actually occurred during the disturbances in the South of Ireland. The murder of a son on one occasion, and of a wife on another, of the parties who had incurred the hatred of the murderers, is probably still fresh in the memory of most of our readers.

The whole of this story bears relation to the unhealthy, horrible condition of society in the South, during that dreadful period of insurrection in 1821-22, in a manner of which our readers will easily be able to form a judgment from the extracts that follow, without trenching on the interest with which he will afterwards peruse the story at length. The interlocutors are a trading magistrate, and his hired informer:—

"Come in, come in, and shut the door," he said, addressing a tall man in a frieze riding coat and standing collar. He then threw himself into the chair, and glanced his eye over his note book, while his companion took his place modestly at the end of the table, where he stood, with his hat in his hand, awaiting the pleasure of his patron.

"Five and nine pence a week they have allowed you, Mihil," said the latter, commencing from the day of the information against the Hennessys."

"Five an' nine-pence, sir? Why then it's little enough, isn't it, Mr. Dalton?"

"It all depends upon your own diligence, Mihil. Stir yourself and look about you, and you may double it, may-be, before long. Are you sure none of the lads below stairs recognized you?"

"Oh, not one of 'em, sir. I kept the collar up about my ears, so that they couldn't tell from Adam, who it was there."

"So much the better, for there should not be the slightest appearance of any understanding between you and our people, or the whole scheme would be destroyed at once. Well, did you swear many these two last weeks?"

'A power. The whole country is running into it with their mouths open, like ducks to a grain of oats.'

The magistrate listened like a sportsman receiving a description of a good cover, while he touched his lip with the tip of his Bramah pencil and prepared to write.

'Well, come, give me the names of your recruits.'

'I heard one of 'em spake of a place where they had as good as fifteen stand of arms together one night last week.'

'Who was that?'

'Any thing for the liquor! That's the way with the Gutyragget boys. Distress and hardship and the want of meat and drink drives a deal of 'em into the business. But the whiskey finishes the job for 'em, when once they're in. The whiskey destroys more souls in Ireland than either rope or gun.'

'Come, you scoundrel,' said Dalton, 'do you think I am to sit here listening to you moralizing on the state of the country? What were the names of the men who took the croppie oaths, I ask you again?'

'I ax your worship's pardon if I done any thing contrary, but I was only saying that if it was a thing a man had a trifle to throw away on 'em by way of a treat, as it were, what a sight he could get out of them.'

'I understand. You want money from me before you will condescend to reveal. For a ruffian who knows that his life depends upon the breath of my lips, you are a daring fellow. But I like your audacity. It gives me some promise that you will not flinch when your fear clashes with your interest on some future possible occasion. There is a sovereign for you.'

'Long may your honour live! I'd sooner take a sovereign o' your money any day than five pound of another man's.'

'That's a confounded falsehood, and you know it is, you rascal. But let me hear your names.'

The spy accordingly furnished, with much precision, a list of names and residences which were copied with various accompanying circumstances of identification, by the Chief Magistrate.

'Shanahan!' he suddenly exclaimed, starting with a look of strong interest, as he repeated one of the names—'Was he sworn? Did he join ye?'

'A fast bound as a spangled goat. Oh, that's a wild, tearing boy, that won't be long without getting himself a lodging free of expense.'

'I am glad of it—I'll plague the dog!—Shanahan—Morty Shanahan of Abel Tracy's farm you mean, don't you?'

'No, I don't, but Tom Shanahan of Rath-
the mountains, above.'

Dalton exclaimed, flinging down in disappointment, 'you are a blockhead. You knew I only cared about one Shanahan.'

'Oh, then, I'm afeerd it is in vain for us to hope to make any thing of him.—He is too regular, too watchful. Unless it were a thing one could carry a point, by dropping an old pistol or a thing o' the kind behind his doore.'

Dalton here fixed upon the speaker one of those piercing looks by which he was frequently apt to betray himself, and to put others out of countenance. Apparently, however, he found the leathern physiognomy of the informer to

be composed of no penetrable stuff, for he returned to the contemplation of his pocket book without making any reply.

'And this is all?' he said, after the spy had concluded his information.—'Did you hear nothing since about that strange tall yellow man?'

I listened here with a strong interest.

'He's rather out o' my line,' said the ruffian, 'being a gentleman, and never mixing with any o' the lower order. No one could tell me any thing about him: nor was there one in the place that knew any more of him than I did myself.'

'Tis very strange. A person of his singular appearance coming suddenly into the country, at so suspicious a conjuncture, without a single respectable acquaintance, and without, as you say, any apparent want of money.'

'Want? He rowls upon it. He's as off hand with a guinea or a pound note as another would be with a sixpence.'

'Does he exercise any remarkable liberality amongst the people?'

'He laves his token afther him, wherever he goes, and them that meet are sorry to part him. He does'n't say fling his money away, as a gentleman should, but he gives it in plenty, and where he sees 'tis wanting.'

Dalton here wrote for a moment in his notebook, while this disinterested observer of human character followed up his communications.

'The nearest guess I could make at the business was this. You know Mr. Purtill of the mountains, behind?'

'Well? I do.—He owes me money.'

'That Purtill, I'm tould, had a brother here in the country before he went abroad; an' having a difference with him about some part o' the farm, I hear the brother went off greatly vexed, to the paytriots in South America, where they said afther that he made a power o' money. Well, sir, you see, I'm thinking 'tis like enough this tall yellow man is neither more nor less than Purtill's brother come home again; and having the spleen in still again this man, he does'n't like to show himself at the house, but prefers going roving about the country, to see what changes would be in the place since he left it.'

The interview with the process server, which follows soon after, may afford a further illustration of our meaning, and cannot fail of amusing our readers:—

'Well, who are you?' said Dalton, suddenly raising his head and staring the new comer in the face.'

'Tis I, Sir, Maney Kennedy, please your honour,' the man replied, ducking his head two or three times, and grinning in mingled fear and courtesy.

'Oh, Maney, my little terrier, is that you? Well, did you take my message to O'Decimur, the tythe proctor?'

'I did, Sir, please your honour,' with another duck of the head, 'an' tis the answer he made me to come with me himself, an' he's below in the parlour, waiten to spake to your honour, Sir, I was afeered to say a word to him about the bizness when I heerd he was coming to your honour, in dread I might spoil the bizness.'

'You are a cautious, fine fellow. You are always 'afeerd,' and, 'in dread,' but your fear is a brilliant fear, and your dread is the dread of a man of intellect. Did your prudent fear enable you to do any thing with respect to my process against Mr. Paul Purtill?'

The 'little terrier' of the Magistrate's human pack twisted his wiry countenance into an expression of excelling shrewdness at this question, shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head with much archness.

'Your honour never gav me a more contrary job than that yet. I was afeerd I never could do it, for Mr. Purtill is a wild jettelman that does'n't much care what he does, an' he has a strong back in the boy sof his neighbourhood, who won't see any branch o' the family insulted. Well, I was very unaisy in myself, for I remembered well that Tim Ready, a man that would make four of myself, tried to sarve a process on the same gentleman, and was fairly murdered three times running (heaven save the mark) upon his lawn out before the hall doore, an' sure, says I to myself, if he was'n't able for 'em, what could I do? lord sa' me, says I. Well, what did I do? Easy now a minute, an' I'll tell your honour the whole story. I got up in the morning, to-day morning, an' I said to myself an' I drawin' on my stockings, 'Now,' says I, 'Kennedy, mind yourself. You know,' says I, 'that Mr. Purtill is no child's play to have to do with, an' if you don't take care o' yourself, I'm afeerd—I'm afeerd' says I, 'something that's not good will happen you. You know,' says I, 'he's up to all the law in Europe, an' keeps no man servant, only one old woman an' a Newfoundland dog, an' lives by himself in a small cottage in the mountains, where he's ever an' always on his guard again all manner o' writs, an' summonses, an' processes, an' law papers of every nature. So take care o' yourself, I advise you,' says I, 'an' look about you, or you may have a quare story to tell before night,' says I. Well what did I do? I got an old bag, an' rowled a couple o' sugans about my ankles, an' put an old tattered coat belonging to a bucaugh [lame beggar] in the neighbourhood upon my back, an' I stuck a short pipe in the side o' my mouth, and thrun (threw) the bag, with a few praties in the bottom of it, up over my shoulder, an' off I set to the mountains, taking a black-thorn stick in my hand, in dread the Newfoundland dog would be conthrairy with me. So when I came a near the place, in dread they'd suspect something wrong if I went sthraight to the house, I called at a few o' the neighbour's cabins, axing a charity (I have a good face for it, they tell me, Sir,) here he made another grin—'an' done my business so well that it was'n't long till I had the bag a' most full. Well, in dread it would be late with me, I took a short cut across the fields, an' waited a while behind the haggart till I seen the old woman going down the lawn for a can o' spring water, an' the dog afther her. I got up an', afeerd that Mr. Purtill, if he saw a paper in my hand, would slap the doore in my face before the process could be duly sarved, I rowled an' twisted it up tight, an' putt it in my pocket, an' came and knocked at the hall doore. There being no one in the house, Mr. Purtill himself kem (came) an' opened it. 'Well, what do you want? there's nothing here for you,' says he. 'Eyah then, wisha, nothen in the wide world, Sir,' says I, 'only I thought may be the old woman would be within, that she'd putt this bit of a match in the ashes for me, till I'd light my pipe again the road.' 'Oh, if that's all,' says he, 'I'll do it myself my poor man, an welcome,' says he. So he tuk the paper to light it. 'Wisha, then, the heavens bless your honour,' says I, 'an'

mind, Mr. Purtil, you have it, now." "What have I?" says he, "Mr. Dalton's process, says I; 'an he expects you'll answer it a' Monday.' Well, I never seen a man in such a born rage. He hulloosed the dog an' the people afther me, but there wás nobody in hearing; and I *thrum* my fine bag o' praties, more was the pity, upon the gravel (afcerd they'd be too heavy for me,) and I cut, and I run, an' I pelted away over the rocks an' stones, hedges and ditches, driving an' pushing for the bare life, until I came to the head o' the sthreet above, where I was tould your honour was stopping at Mc Gawly's, here."

To this second tale, Mr. Griffin subjoins a conclusion in which he closes his notice of the Munster Festivals, in the following terms.

"And here, indulgent reader, we proceed to let fall the curtain on this series of national dramas, which your gentle favour has enabled us to prolong, unbroken, to the ninth weary volume. We proposed at the outset, no more laborious task than that of furnishing a number of Tales, comprising some account of those annual feasts, which are still celebrated, with a religious care in the southern parts of Ireland. That plan is now completed. We have done honour to Candlemas-day, on the shores of the since far-famed County of Clare, at the return of Duke Dorgan—we have heard from the lips of Remmy O'Lone, an ample historical explanation of the rustic ceremonies of St. Stephen's day—we have lighted the fires of St. John, for the dismay and the destruction of the Coiner—we have followed the fickle Hardress Cregan, among the city revellers of St. Patrick's day—and the May-day mummers in the country—we have sat with Eily O'Connor by her lonely Christmas candle—we have called Esther Wilderning from the grave, to catechise the white robed votaries of St. Bridget—and, finally, we have witnessed the distribution of palms, under the guidance of the ambitious Abel Tracy. Our task is therefore ended, and nothing remains for us, but that, until the lapse of some further time and observation shall enable us to present ourselves before you with something more worthy of your attention, we bid you indulgent reader, kindly farewell."

But though our author thus courteously "takes leave," he is still "loth to depart," and treats us to a short additional disquisition, ex professo upon politics, before closing the volume. This final conclusion, in which nothing is concluded, is temperately written, but rather out of place. It states, that the first step towards the amelioration of the condition of the Irish peasant, "must be such an improvement in his political position, as will place him beyond the influence of that sordid motive, which is the offspring of want." The means of effecting this, our author, if we understand him rightly, conceives to be by compelling the residence of the absentee landlords, but with his political opinions we do not wish to intermeddle.

We have to remark that these volumes are defaced by gross typographical errors, in almost every page, and had they issued from the *Irish* press, we should have denounced them as a disgrace to the mechanical accuracy of the country. To the English printing, however, we must in courtesy, be more indulgent. It will be pleasant by and bye, to see the London publishers sending to Dublin to get their works correctly printed. At all events, it will not be the first time.

We cannot conclude this Review, without favouring our readers with some specimens of a

poem on the well known story of Kevin and Cathleen, with which Mr. Griffin prefaces his first volume. Often as the romantic legend has been versified, we know not that such ample justice has ever before been done to its simple beauty.

THE FATE OF CATHLEEN, A WICKLOW STORY.

I.
In Luggelaw's deep-wooded vale,
The summer eye was dying;
On lake, and cliff, and rock, and dale,
A lulling calm was lying;
And virgin saints and holy men
The vesper song were singing,
And sweetly down the rocky glen
The vesper bell was ringing.

II.
Soft gloom fell from the mountain's breast,
Upon the lake declining;
And half in gentle shade was drest,
And half like silver shining—
And by that shore young Kevin stands,
His heart with anguish laden;
And timid there, with wreathed hands,
A fair and gentle maiden.

XXXIII.
In Luggelaw's deep-wooded vale,
The summer dawn was breaking,
On lake and cliff, and wood, and dale,
Light, life, and joy were waking,
The skylark in the ear of morn
His shrill life was sounding,
With speckled side, and mossy horn,
The deer were up and bounding.

XXXIV.
Young Nature now all bustlingly
Stirs from her nightly slumber,
And puts those misty curtains by
Her mighty couch that cumber.
And dew's hang fresh on leaf and thorn,
And o'er each eastern highland,
Those golden clouds aye and morn
That grace our own green island.

XXXV.
Light laughed the vale, gay smiled the sun,
Earth's welcome glad returning,
Like valour come when wars are done,
To beauty in her mourning.
The night calm flies, the ruffling breeze
Sports on the glancing water,
And gently waves the tangled trees
Above the chieftain's daughter.

KEVIN'S DREAM.

XLVI.
He dreamed that at the golden gate
Of heaven, flung wide and gleaming,
He heard soft music as he sat,
And saw bright pinions beaming:
Millions of sainted shapes he saw,
In light and fragrance ranging,
And calm delight, and holy awe,
In speaking looks exchanging.

XLVII.
He strove to join that angel band,
But in the porch before him,
With mocking eye and warning hand,
Cathleen stood glooming o'er him;
She thrust him from the sainted crowd,
The gates rung clanging after,
And on his ear came long and loud
A peal of fearful laughter.

XLVIII.
Again it opes, again he tries
To join that glorious vision,
Again with lifted hands, and eyes
Deep fixed in keen derision:
That minion of the burning deep
Stands wrapt in gloom before him,
Up springs he from his broken sleep,
And sees her trembling o'er him!

XLIX.
"Vengeance!" he yelled, and backward tossed
His arms, and muttered wildly:
The frightened maid her forehead crossed,
And drooped before him mildly.
"Oh, slay me not—Oh, Kevin, spare
The life thy Lord has given!"
He paused, and fixed that barren stare,
Upon the brightening heaven.

L.
"Cathleen," he sighed, "that timely word
Has left my hands unbloody;
But see, the early morning bird,
Sings in the sunshine ruddy.
Before that morn strain be o'er
Fly far, and hie, and fear me;
For death is on this gloomy shore,
And madness haunting near me."

LI.
With clenched teeth, and painful smile
(Love's last despairing token),
She flung her arms around him, while
Her heart beat thick and broken.
She clasp'd him as she would have grown
Into his breast for ever:
Then fix'd her gaze upon his own,
And sternly whispered—"Never!"

LII.
Again, again! those maddening dreams
Upon his soul awaken,
The fiend athwart his eye ball swims—
Those golden gates are shaken—
Again he hears that writhing mock
The vision'd stillness breaking,
And hurls the maiden from the rock
Into the black lake, shrieking!

Recollections of Travels in the East; forming a continuation of the Letters from the East. By John Carne, Esq. of Queen's College, Cambridge. 1 vol. 8vo. p. p. 348.—London, Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

WE remember three or four years ago reading with very considerable pleasure, Mr. Carne's Letters from the East, to which the present volume is intended to form a sort of supplement. Mr. Carne's style is always light, harmonious, and agreeable, often picturesque and brilliant, and we can safely recommend his volume as very pleasant reading. Novel information is scarcely to be looked for, in the description of scenes already so familiar to the mind of every reader, as the topography of the holy land. Still the power of association over the human mind is so strong, that every the minutest detail relating to

— Those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross,

is seen or listened to with an intensity of interest, proportionate to the heart-engrossing importance of the circumstances and events with which the scene is naturally connected in the mind of every sincere believer in the sublime truths of Christianity. That one should linger with awe and wonder, and pleasing sadness, among the scenes which the divine founder of our faith dignified by his presence, and adorned by his acts of love to our species, that one should tread, with reverential fondness, the paths consecrated by the wanderings of the early champions of our own religion, and visit with eagerness and care the districts proudly distinguished, even before that era, as the land marked out by God himself for the chosen residence of his peculiar people, is almost a part of the religion of human nature. The country of the four gospels is sacred and familiar to the mind from childhood. The Mount of Olives, and the Mount of Calvary—the river and the lake, and the brook Hebron, and the garden, are brought so distinctly before us, in the narratives of the evangelists, that when the spot is visited, the spectator unconsciously forgets its actual existing circumstances,—its 'ruined arch and broken wall,' and peeples his imagination with the deeds and the beings that have been, which now seem to assume a local and a tangible existence, that they never had before. Accordingly we find, that in every age, since christianity was established in the world, the desire to visit and examine the country of Palestine has prevailed; and many have been found at all times eager to present such as remained at home; less favored than themselves, with minute descriptions of those interesting scenes. Nor has the frequency of these accounts entirely destroyed their novelty or zest. Different